

A N

EPISTLE

Dr. THOMPSON.

Sed quia mente minus validus, quam corpore toto,

Nil audire velim, nil discere, quod levet ægrum,

Fidis offendar medicis —

HOR.

By Mr. WHITEHEAD.

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THE Reader will perceive from two or three passages in the following Epistle, that part of it was written some time since, nor indeed would the whole of it have now been thought interesting enough to the Public, to have passed the Press; had not the physical Persecution carried on against the Gentleman to whom it is addressed, provoked the Publication. — When a Body of Men, too proud to own their Errors, and too prudent to part with their Fees, shall (with their Legion of Understrappers) enter into a Conspiracy against a Brother-Practitioner, only for honestly endeavouring to moderate the one, and rectify the other; such a Body, our Author apprehends, becomes a justifiable Object of Satire; and only wishes his Pen had, on this Occasion, a like Efficacy with theirs.



AN
E P I S T L E

TO
DOCTOR THOMPSON.

WHY do you ask? "that in this courtly dance
" Of In and Out, it ne'er was yet my chance;
" To bask beneath a Statesman's soft'ring smile,
" And share the Plunder of the public Spoil."

E'er wants my Table, the health-cheering meal,
With *Benstead* Mutton crown'd, or *Essex* Veal?

Smokes not from *Lincoln*-meads the stately Loin?

Or rosy Gammon of hantonian Swine?

From *Dorkin*'s roofs, the feather'd victims bleed,

And *Thames* still wafts me Ocean's scaly Breed.

Tho' *Gallia*'s vines, their costly juice deny,

Still *Tajo*'s banks, the jocund glass supply,

Still distant Worlds nectareous treasures roll,

And either *India* sparkles in my bowl;

Or *Devon*'s boughs, or *Dorset*'s bearded fields,

To *Britain*'s Arms, a british beverage yields.

Rich in these gifts, why should I wish for more?

Why barter conscience, for superfluous store?

Or haunt the Levee of a purse-proud peer,

To rob poor *F—d—g* of the curule chair.*

Let

* It is reported, that during the time Mr. *Addison* was Secretary of State, when his old Friend and Ally *Ambrose Phillips* apply'd to him for some Preferment: the Great Man very coolly answer'd, that, "He thought he had already provided for him, by making him Justice for *Westminster*." To which the Bard with some indignation, reply'd, "Tho' Poetry was a Trade, he could not live by, yet he scorn'd to owe his Sub-

Let the lean Bard, whose belly void of bread,
 Puffs up pierian vapours to his head,
 In birth-day Odes, his flimsy fustian vent,
 And torture truth into a compliment;
 Wear out the knocker of a Great-Man's door,
 Be Pimp, and Poet, furnish Rhime or Whore;
 Or fetch and carry, for some foolish Lord,
 To sneak a fitting footman at his board.
 If such the Arts, that captivate the great,
 Be your's, ye Bards! the sun-shine of a State,
 For Place or Pension prostitute each line,
 Make Gods of Kings, and Ministers divine,
 Swear St. *John's* self, could neither read nor write,
 And * * * † out-bravoes *Mars* in fight;

Call

Substinance to another, which, he *ought not* to live by. — However Great Men in our days, may practice the Secretary's *Prudence*, certain it is, the Person here pointed at, was very far from making a Precedent of his Brother-Poet's *Principles*.

† It is apprehended, our modern Campaigns cannot fail of furnishing the Reader with a proper Supply for this passage.

Call! D * * t patriot, *Willes* || a legal tool,

Horace † a wit, and *Dodington* a fool.

Such be your venal task; while blest with ease,

'Tis mine, to scribble when, and what I please.

Judith Lyden " Hold! what you please? (Sir D**y cries) my Friend,

Atty Genl " Say? must my Labours never, never end;

" Still doom'd 'gainst wicked wit, my pen to draw,

" Correct each Bard, by critic rules of Law;

" 'Twixt Guilt and Shame, the legal buckler place,

" And guard each courtly culprit from disgrace.

" Hard task! should future Jurymen inherit,

" The City-Twelve's self-judging *british* spirit." ‡

White

|| LORD HIGH ADMIRAL WILLES—a Title, by which, this excellent Chief Magistrate is often distinguish'd among our Marine, for his spirited Vindication of the Supremacy of the CIVIL FLAG; and rectifying the *martial mistakes* of some late *naval Tribunals*.

† A certain Modern of that name, whose sole pretension to this Character (except a little arch Buffoonery) consists, in a truly poetical negligence of his Person.

‡ Alluding to the constitutional Verdict given on the Tryal of WILLIAM OWEN, for publishing *The Case of the Honourable Alexander Murray, Esq;*

While You, my THOMPSON! spite of Medicine save,
 Mark! how the College peoples every grave,
 See! M*d transfer Estates, from Sire to Son,
 And ** bar succession to a Throne;†
 See! S*w scarce leave the passing-bell a Fee,
 And N**'s set the captive husband free;
 Tho' widow'd Julia giggles in her Weed,
 Yet who arraigns the Doctor for the Deed?
 O'er Life and Death, all absolute his Will,
 Right the prescription, whether cure or kill.

Not

† This Line furnishes a melancholy Memento of the most fatal Catastrophe that perhaps ever befel this Nation, among the various tributary Verses which flowed on that Occasion, our Author wrote the following; and which he here takes the liberty to insert, being willing to seize every opportunity, to perpetuate his Sense of our public Loss, in the Death of that truly PATRIOT-PRINCE.

*When JOVE late revolving the State of Mankind,
 'Mong Britons, no traces of virtue could find,
 O'er the Island, indignant, He stretch'd forth his rod,
 Earth trembled, and Ocean acknowledg'd the God.*
 Still provok'd by our crimes, Heaven's vengeance to show,
 Ammon grasping his Bolts, aim'd at Britain the blow;
 But pausing, — more dreadful, his wrath to evince,
 Threw the Thunder aside, and sent Fate for the PRINCE.*

* Alluding to the preceding Earthquakes.

Not so,—whose Practice is the Mind's disease,
 His Potion must not only cure, but please;
 Apply the Caustic, to the callous heart,
 Undone's the Doctor, if the Patient smart;
 Superior Powers, his mental Bill controul.
 And Law corrects the Physic of the Soul.†
 Shall *Galen's* Sons, with privilege destroy,
 And I, not one sound Alterative employ?
 To drive the rank Distemper, from within,
 Or is Man's Life, less precious than his Sin?
 With palsied hand, should Justice hold the Scale,
 And o'er a Judge, court-complaisance prevail,
 Satire's strong dose, the malady requires,
 I write — when lo! the Bench indignant fires,¹

Each

† A like Correction, with regard to the Physic of the Body, might prove no bad security for the Life and Property of the Patient, as the Faculty are at present accountable to no other Power but that of Heaven, for the Rectitude of their Conduct. — And perhaps, no civilized Nation can afford such an Instance of physical Anarchy as ours, where the Surgeon is permitted to usurp the Province of the Physician, and the Apothecary plumes himself in the Perriwig and Plunder of both Professions. — In a public-spirited Endeavour to cure this Anarchy, and restore a proper Discipline in Practice, consists, a THOMPSON'S Empiricism. — *Hinc illæ Lachrymæ.* —

Each hoary head erects its load of hair,
 Their Furs all bristle, and their Eye-balls glare;
 In rage they roar, " With reverend Ermin sport,
 " Seize! Seize him, Tipstaff! —— 'Tis Contempt of Court.

Led by the Meteor of a Mitre's ray,
 If *Sion's* Sons, thro' paths unhallow'd, stray,
 For courtly Rites, neglect each rubric Rule,
 Quit all the Saint, and truckle all the Tool;
 Their Maker only in the Monarch see,
 Nor e'er omit at BRUNSWICK's name, the Knee.
 To cure this loyal lethargy of Grace,
 And rouse to Heaven again, its recreant race,
 Say! should the *Muse*, with one irreverend line,
 Probe but the mortal part of the Divine;
 'Tis Blasphemy, by every Priest decreed,
 No Benefit of Clergy, may I plead;

B

With

With every Cannon † pointed at my head,
 Alive, I'm censur'd, and I'm damn'd, when dead.

Lawyer and Priest, like Doctors, still agree,
 'Tis theirs to give advice, 'tis ours the fee,
 To them alone, all earthly rule is giv'n,
 Diploma'd from St. *James's*, and from *Heav'n*.

Yet, Ills there are, nor Bench, nor Pulpit reach,
 In vain may *Ryder* charge, or *Sherlock* preach;
 For Law too mighty, and too proud for Grace,
 Lurk in the Star, or lord it in a Place,
 Brood in the sacred circle of a Crown,
 While Fashion wafts their poison thro' the Town;
 Hence, o'er each Village, the contagion wings,
 And Peasants catch the maladies of Kings.

When

† A certain Piece of spiritual Ordinance, which was formerly played off with great execution by our Church-militant; but at present no otherways terrible, than in its fulminating explosion.

When purpled Vice shall humble Justice awe,
 And Fashion make it current, spight of Law;
 What sovereign Medicine can its course reclaim?
 What? but the Poet's Panacea — Shame.
 Thus, Wit's great Esculapius * once prevail'd,
 And Satire triumph'd, where the Fasces fail'd.
 No Consul's wreath, could lurking folly hide,
 No vestal looks, secure the guilty Bride,
 The poignant Verse, peirc'd thro' each fair disguise,
 And made *Rome's* matrons modest, statesmen wise.

Search all your Statutes, Serjeant! where's the balm?
 Can cure the itching of a Courtier's palm;
 Where? the chaste Cannon, Say! thou hallow'd Sage,
 The Virgin's glowing wishes can assuage.
 Let, but the Star, his longing Lordship see,
 What Power can set the captive conscience free?

B 2

Hang

* *Horatius Flaccus.*

Hang but the sparkling pendant at her ears,
 What trembling Maid, the gen'rous Lover fears?

When lawless Passion seiz'd th' imperial Dame,
 Brothels * were only found, to quench the flame;
 No Routs, or Balls, the kind convenience gave,
 To lose her Virtue, yet her Honour save.
 In *Cupid's* Rites, now, so improv'd our skill,
 Mode finds the means, when Nature finds the will.
 Each reverend Relict, keeps a private pack,
 And sturdy Stallion with atlean back;
 Where, *british* Dames to mystic rites repair,
 Nor fail, to meet a lurking *Clodio* there;
 In amorous stealths, defraud the public Stews,
 And rob the *drury* Vestal of her Dues.
 Who hapless mourns, her last, long-mortgag'd Gown,
 While *Douglass* damns the Drums of Lady B——.

By

* Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar. Juv.

By Names cœlestial, mortal Females, call,
 Angels they are, but Angels in their Fall.
 One royal *Phœnix* || yet, redeems the Race,
 And proves, in *Britain*, beauty may have grace.

Vain, shall the *Muse*, the various Symptoms find,
 When every Doctor's, of a diff'rent mind.
 In * *'s palm, be foul Corruption found,
 Each Court-empiric holds, his *Grace* is found;
 In *Sackville's* * breast, let public Spirit reign,
 Blisters! (they cry) the cause is in his Brain;
 So, *Talbot's* Want of Place, is Want of Sense,
 And *Dasbwood's* † stubborn Virtue, downright Insolence.

When Ills, are thus, just what the Doctors please,
 And the Soul's health, is held, the Mind's disease;

|| P———s of W———s.

* See a Proposal for a Militia, published by Lord *Middlesex*.

† Sir *Francis Dasbwood*.

Not all thy Art, O *Horace*! had prevail'd,
Here, all thy roman Recipes † had fail'd.

Had Fate to *Flaccus*, but our days decreed,
What *Pollio* would admire? What *Cæsar* read?
Great *Maro*'s self had dy'd an humble Swain,
And *Terence* fought a *Lælius* now in vain.
Science no more employs the Courtier's care,
No *Muse*'s voice, can charm N * * * 's ear.
The solid *V—e*, aerial Verse, outweighs,
And wins all courtly favour from the Bays;
Hence, flow alone, the sacred gifts of * * * *s,
Staves, Truncheons, Feathers, Mitres, Stars, and Strings.

Hence, Cradles, See! with lisping Statesmen spawn,
And infant Limbs beswaddl'd in the Lawn;
While honest *Boyle*, too impotent for Place,
Sets, in meridian glory of Disgrace.

Nor

† Satires.

Nor all the patriot music of *Malone*,
 Can charm a Court, like S**, or like S*;
 Blest Twins of State! whom, Love and Pow'r conjoin,
 Like *Leda's* Offspring, made by *Jove* divine,
 Fix'd, in *Hibernia's* hemisphere to rule,
 And shed your Influence, o'er each Knave and Fool.†

WHILST, the sad Summons of the Mortar's knell,
 The rival deeds, of each Diploma tell;
 And Death's increasing Muster-rolls declare,
 That Health and THOMPSON are no longer here.
 How shall the Muse this salutation send?
 What Place enjoys Thee? or what happier Friend?
 Say! if in *Eastbury's* ‡ majestic towers,
 Or wrapt, in *Ashley's* || amarantine bowers,

By

† As our Author lamented the occasion of these Lines, so no one more sincerely rejoices to find, that the Beam of PUBLIC SPIRIT is likely to dispel the Clouds, which had interposed between Loyalty and Patriotism. — A new political STAR in our Days, and which some more eastern MAGI would do well to follow.

‡ A Seat belonging to the Right Hon. *George Dodington*.

|| Another belonging to Lord *Middlesex*.

By friendship favour'd, and unaw'd by state,
 You barter Science, with the Wise and Great;
 O'er *Pelham's* Politics, in judgment sit,
 Reform the Laws of Nations, or of Wit;
 With attic Zest enrich the social bowl,
 Crack Joke on Joke, and mingle Soul with Soul;
 On Laughter's wanton wing, now frolic sport,
 Nor envy *Fox* the Closet of a Court.

Loft, in this darling luxury of Ease,
 Alike regardless, both of fame and fees,
 " Let *Shaw* (You cry) o'er *Phyfic* sov'reign reign,
 " Or *W*** boast, his Hecatombs of slain.
 " Be mine, to stay some Friend's departing Breath,
 " And *Child's* † may take the drudgery of death."

Yet,

† A Coffee-house noted for the Resort of our modern Esculapics, where, they ply for those Patients, the Apothecary is pleased to consign over to them; and where, another Appendage to *Phyfic*, (called the Undertakers) never fails to attend the physical Levee, in order to receive the lucrative News of their Joint-Endeavours.

Yet, THOMPSON! say (whose gift it is to save,
 Make Sickneſs ſmile, and reſcue from the grave)
 Say, to what end, this healing Power was meant,
 Nor hide the Talent, which by Heaven is lent.
 Tho', Envy all her hisſing Serpents raiſe,
 And join with harpy Fraud, to blaſt thy Bays;
 Shall wan Diſeaſe in vain demand thy ſkill?
 While Health but waits, the ſummons of your quill,
 Shall Egypt's-Plague † the virgin cheek invade,
 And Beauty's Wreck, not win Thee to its Aid;
 O ! ſtretch a ſaving hand, and let the Fair,
 Owe all her future triumphs to thy care;
 Reſume the Pen ! and be Thyſelf once more,
 What, Ratcliff, Friend, and Syd'nham were before.

Yet, when reviving Patients ſet you free,
 Let Vaughan † yield one ſocial hour to me,

C

Come!

† The Small-pox, ſaid to have firſt appeared at *Alexandria*. See the Doctor's *Treaſure* on this Diſtemper.

† *Owen Evan Vaughan*, Eſq; of *Bodidris Caſtle*; a Gentleman, in whoſe friendſhip, the Doctor and our Author more particularly pride themſelves, as he has never polluted his ancient *Britiſh* Pedigree, with any modern *Anti-britiſh* Principles.

Come! then my Friend, if friendship's name can woo,
 Come! bring me all I want, that all in You.
 If rural Scenes have still the power to please,
 Flocks, Vallies, Hills, Streams, Villas, Cots and Trees.
 Here, all, in one harmonious prospect blend,
 And Landskips rise, scarce *Lambert's* art can mend.

Thames, made immortal, by her *Denham's* strains,
 Meandring glides thro' *Twick'nam's* flow'ry plains;
 While royal *Richmond's* cloud-aspiring wood,
 Pours all its pendant pomp upon the flood;
 By *Rome's* proud dames, let storied *Tiber* flow,
 And all *Palladio*, grace the banks of *Po*;
 Here, Nature's Charms, in purer lustre rise,
 Nor seek, from wanton art, her vain supplies.

Lo! *Windsor*, reverend in a length of years,
 Like *Cybele*, her tower-crown'd summit rears.

And

And *Hampton's* Turrets, with majestic pride,
 Reflect their glories in the passing tide;
 There, *british* *Henries* gave to *Gallia* law;
 Here, bloom'd the Laurels of a great *Nassau*;
 O! could these scenes, one Monarch more but please,
 No frozen climates, no tempestuous seas,
 For *Brunswick's* weal, alarming fears should bring,
 Nor *Britain* envy, meaner courts, her King.

Here, *Campbell's* ‡ varied Shades with wonder see,
 Like Heaven's own *Eden*, stor'd with every tree,
 Each Plant with Plant, in verdant glory vies,
 High-tow'ring pines, like *Titans*, scale the skies,
 And *Lebanon's* rich groves, on *Hounslow's* desarts rise.

But chief — with awful step, O! let us stray,
 Where, *Britain's* *Orpheus* tun'd his sacred lay,

C 2

Whose

‡ Duke of *Argyle*.

Whose Grove enchanted, from his Numbers grew,
 And proves, what once was fabled, now is true.
 Here, oft the Bard with *Arbutnot* retir'd,
 Here, flow'd the Verse, his healing Art inspir'd; †
 Alike thy merit, like thy fame should rise,
 Could friendship give, what feeble art denies;
 Tho' *Pope's* immortal verse, the Gods refuse,
 Accept this off'ring, from an humbler muse.
 Weak tho' her flight, yet honest still her strain,
 And what, no Minister could ever gain,
 Pleas'd, if the grateful tribute of her song,
 Thy merit, THOMPSON! shall one day prolong.

In marshal'd Slaves, let hungry Princes trade,
 And Britain's bullion bribe their venal aid; †

Let

† *Pope's* Epistle to *Arbutnot*.

† Alluding to a modern kind of military Traffic, which consists in the Exchange of
British Gold for *German Valour*; and by which means, it is presumed, our Politicians
 intend the native Wants of either Party shall be reciprocally supplied.

Let brave *Boscawen* trophied honours gain,
 And *Anson* wield the Trident of the Main.
 Safe, in the Harbour of my *twick'nam* bower,
 From all the wrecks of state, or storms of power;
 No wreaths I court, no subsidies I claim,
 Too rich for want, too indolent for Fame.
 Whilst here, with Vice, a bloodless war I wage,
 Or lash the follies of a trifling Age;
 Each gay-plum'd Hour, on its downy wings,
 The hybla freight of rich contentment brings;
 Health, rosy handmaid, at my table waits,
 And halcyon Peace, broods watchful o'er my gates.

Here, oft, on *Contemplation's* pinion bore,
 To Heaven I mount, and Nature's works explore;
 Or, led by *Reason's* intellectual Clue,
 Thro' Error's Maze, Truth's secret steps pursue;

View

View Ages past, in *Story's* mirror shown,
 And make Time's mouldring treasures, all my own;
 Or here, the *Muse*, now steals me from the Throng,
 And wraps me, in th' enchantment of her Song.

Thus flow, and thus, for ever flow! my days
 Unaw'd by Censure, or unbrib'd by Praise;
 No Friend to Faction, and no Dupe to Zeal,
 Foe to all Party, but, the Public-Weal.
 Why then, (from every venal bondage free)
 Courts have no glitt'ring shackles left for me,
 My reasons, *Thompson!* prithee ask no more,
 Take them, as *Oxford's Flaccus* sung before. †

“ My Ease and Freedom, if for aught I vend,
 “ Would not you cry? to *Bedlam, Bedlam, Friend!*
 “ But to speak out: — shall what could ne'er engage,
 “ My frailer youth, now captivate in age?

“ What

† See Conclusion of Dr. *King's* Apology.

“ What Cares can vex? what Terrors frightful be?
 “ To him, whose Shield is hoary Sixty-Three ; ||
 “ When Life itself, so little worth appears,
 “ That Ministers can give no hopes, or fears ;
 “ Altho’ grown grey, within my humbler gate,
 “ I ne’er kiss’d Hands, or trod the rooms of State ;
 “ Yet, not unhonour’d have I liv’d, and blest
 “ With rich Convenience, careless of the rest ;
 “ What Boon more grateful, can the Gods bestow ?
 “ On those, avow’d, their favourite sons below.” †

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|| Tho’ the Translator’s Virtue is not yet secured by this *Palladium* of his Grand-
 Climacteric, yet he flatters himself, he shall at least be able to rival our truly *Roman*
 author, in the *Practice* of his heroic Indifference, however short he may fall of him, in
 his elegant *Description* of it.

† *Libera si pretio quantô-vis otia vendam,
 Cui non insanus videar? Sed apertius audi:
 Quæ juvenem, infirmumque animi captare nequibant,
 Illa senem capiant? aut quæ terrere pericla
 Posse putes hominem, cui climactericus annus
 Præsidio est omni majus? cui vita videtur
 Haud equidem tanti esse, ut quid cavêatve petâtve
 A regni satrapis, ullaque sit anxius horâ.
 Si mihi non dextram tetigisse, aut limina regum
 Contigit, & lare sub tenui mea canuit ætas:
 Attamen æquo animo, non ullis rebus egenus,
 Non inbonoratus vixi: Neque gratius usquam
 Dii minus dederunt, cui si fâvisse fatentur.*

F I N I S.

What Chores can vex? which I will not

To him, whose shield is his own

When life itself is little worth

That Ministers can give no hopes, or fears

Altho' grown grey, within my humble grave

I ne'er wish'd Hades, or that the rooms of Sins

Yet, not unhonour'd have I liv'd, and died

With rich Conscience, calm of the rest

What Boon more grateful, than the Gods bestow

On those, whose hearts their favours long below

|| The Translator's Virtue is not yet found by the Publisher of his Great
Changeling, yet he flatters himself, he shall at least be able to rival any known
author, in the Translation of his heroic Indian Poem, however much he may fall of him, in
his elegant Description of it.

Liberty's great enemy, the tyrant
Can now inspire, what he before could not
One judgment, in the midst of his
His name, his name, his name
To the great, the great, the great
Praises of him, who is the
Hand of him, who is the
A great, a great, a great
Si non, non deus, non deus
Gentile, O, O, O, O, O, O
Alas, alas, alas, alas, alas
The tyrant, the tyrant, the tyrant
The tyrant, the tyrant, the tyrant

P L M I S